miles south of the Niobrara, and close to the | his view and whirled into sight of the victims Laramie road. At noon, Friday, he had on the crest beyond. halted at the Rawhide to rest his horse and take a bite of luncheon, but all his young and spurring on to the ridge they have just left; soul was athrill with eagerness; every faculty was alert. Warned of the recent presence of Indians on every side, he was yet cross to the south bank, where there was hight beyond. He sees comparative safety; ride southeastward until grass and water were near at hand; sleep till dawn again, and then push on. He must and strike it far below the river.

But here, as he neared the valley, a sight ! leap. The banks of the Rawhide were dotted here and there by fresh pony-tracks, and, coming from the distant ridges to the gaze was a little dust cloud, miles away down stream, in which tiny black dots were need to tell him they were Indians.

when he finally saw that they were bound still they were in view. Then they seemed to eyes have recognized at once-his father. disappear in a little clump of timber. He there. Then it suddenly dawned upon him | Turning his back upon the thrilling scene, the that the whole band was resting in the shade | little Trumpeter goes like a prairie gale, whirlwhile their scouts searched the neighborhood. | ing back to the Valley of the Platte. He was five or six miles from the river, and | * every inch of ground in front was open. He

termined to slip away westward, go up the Raw- | dian ponies, the innocent victims of this savage hide a few miles until he could gain the shelter | warfare. Such Indian braves as have fallen of some low-lying ridges, cross the stream and, | have long since been picked up by their raging making a wide circuit, sweep around to the comrades and borne away. Despite their Platte. He might still reach it before dark | numbers, never once yet have the savages manand find a ford, or at least a place to swim | aged to reach the defenders. Time and again seross; he could trust "Big Jim" for that. have they swooped down in charge only to be But, even as he would have put this plan into | met by cool, well-aimed shots that tumbled

HE SAW TO HIS DISMAY vance. In half an hour the whole band came jegging leisurely out of the shadows, and little There is practically no shelter, for the ground dots farther east came streaking across the flats to join them. Fred saw that the whole war purty was now retracing its steps and comturned and came straight toward the watching of this will settle it."

previous evening; and, hungry and worn with | in the race. and felt that he was STILL CUT OFF.

came. He was spurring over the flats, only a and cries aloud, "My boy! my boy!" mile from the river, before the first sign of pursuit was made. Then, far back toward the bluffs he had left, Fred spied a little party of warriors coming after him full tilt. Never stopping for more than one glance he gave Jim | Commander Russell, of the Department of Nebrasthe rein, urging him to full speed; marked, as he finshed across it only a few hundred yards from the bank, the trail of a cavalry command going up the valley and wondered whose it could be, and then he and Jim went crashing through the gravel at the water's edge and ner, in which you say you cannot and will not plunged boldly into the running stream. Deeper and deeper brave old Jim pushed in, antil the waters foamed about his broad and muscular breast, and then Fred threw himself same hand, "Swim for it, old man," he shouted to his gallant horse, and in another minute be rapidly nearing the other shore. Three minutes and, dripping wet but safe, they were scrambling up the south bank and speeding away over the bounding turf, with the baffled pursuers still two miles behind.

And these were the tracks that Wallace found as he came harrying back down stream. Saturday night again Fred Waller and his faithful borse spent on the open praire, for in the darkness he found it impossible to make his way. The moon was gone by I o'clock, and sight of the goal he had sought through such lufinite plack and peril-the Sidney road; and as he gazed at it from afar, peering as usual from behind a sheltering bluff, his heart sank into his very boots. He had come too late! There on that distant trail were the tiny colmmns of blue smoke floating skyward that told of burning wagons, now in crumbling rains. Wome than that; here, close at hand, over on the other side of the long, shallow swale were two-score Indian warriors in all their barbaric finery, excitedly watching the coming of other With a mean of anguish Fred Waller marked

a mile beyond, and rapidly approaching them, a four-mule ambulance with a single soldier cantering along behind. "Oh, my God! My God!" he groaned aloud.

"I am too late after all!" But the wagon halted on the distant hills, The Indians, all absorbed in their cat-like watch, were eagerly gesticulating and excitedly pointing to some other object far beyond. Several of their number lashed their ponies into tearing gallop and sped away in wide circuit to the southward, keeping the bluffs between them and the wagon. Others followed part of the distance. He knew the manuver well; already they were planning the sur- the balance of the money. round. In helpless agony he watched, for he was powerless to aid-powerless even to warn, He seized his ready carbine, loosened the cartridges in his belt and looked cagerly to Jim's girths. Then once again he faced the south-

Who can that be?" he wondered. he possibly know of this ambuscade?" the leader, and all at an instant, with trailing tax and then feel entirely uncertain how he feathers, with wild war cry and the thunder of had voted. However, if the new system of a hundred hoofs the painted band has whirled | voting helps to abolish that element of political across the ridge in front and is down in the corruption, it will be entitled to no little credit | run is considerable. dip beyond. Every Indian has vanished from on that score alone.

In an instant, too, Fred Waller is in saddle, and then once more he reins in where he can just peer over the crest. He notes with a cheer of joy that the charge is checked-that the Indians have veered off and are now dashing

THE WILD STAMPEDE

his horse was exhausted; picket him where and tangle of the mules, the overthrow of the ambulance; the quick, cool, resolute reply of the attacked. He marks with a glow of mad reach the Sidney road before Sunday morning | delight, of reviving hope, that there is not a woman or child in the party. "Thank God!" he cries aloud, "it isn't Mrs. Charlton!" He had met his eyes that made his young heart | waves his hat with exultation as he sees a pony stumbling in death upon the prairie, and his rider limping painfully away; he knows now that these are soldiers, holding their own for a time, at least, and that all depends on getting east, they had gone in as though to water, aid for them before nightfail. Far up the and then turned down toward the Platte valley on the other side he had marked at -the very way he wanted to go. An hour | noon a dust cloud sailing slowly toward him. later, with his horse hidden behind him It must be "the Sorrels" or "the Grays," in a shallow ravine, Fred Waller was lying | hastening back to clear the Sidney road. Here prone upon the ground and peering over a ridge into the low, level wastes stretching list the thing to do: gallop back, recross the ridge into the low, level wastes stretching list the thing to do: gallop back, recross the river, meet and guide them to the rescue. far to the southeast, bordering the Platte to There is still time to get them here before the the very horizon. What most attracted his sun goes down-if only the besieged can hold

One more glance he takes at the stirring picture before him, longing to drive a shot at moving, with other little dots scurrying about | the nearest Indians, and as he gazes there comes at some distance from the main cluster. No staggering, laboring into sight from around a point of bluff beyond the beleagured party, a It was some minutes before he could deter- horse, all foam and blood, who goes plunging mine which way they were really going, but | to earth only a few yards away from the ambulance and rolls, stiffening and quivering in down the valley, the boy's heart beat high his death agony; but the gray-haired old rider with hope. He could venture down to the has leaped safely to the ground, and his carbine Piatte as soon as they had passed entirely out | flashed its instant defiance at the yelling foe. of sight, and find some place to cross well to | Even at that distance there is no mistaking the the west of them. An hour he waited, and | well-known form. Fred Waller's wondering Now, indeed, he speeds away for help. Now, waited 15-20 minutes, and they were still indeed, has Jim to run for more than life.

The sun is sinking behind the bluffs and its well knew their eyes were keener than his, last rays fall on a bullet-riddled ambulance; and that, should be make a dash for it, they on the stiffening bodies of half a dozen slaughwould certainly see and give chase. What he | tered animals-a horse and some mules; on a could not detect and did not dream of was that | grim, determined little band of soldiers-two miles still farther away down the Platte another of them sorely wounded. The red shafts gleam dust cloud was slowly advancing-Wallace's on a litter of empty cartridge shells and tinge troop coming up stream-and their scouts were | the canvas-top of the overturned wagon. Out on the rolling prairie, several bundred yards At last, after another hour of anxiety, he de- away, the turf is dotted here and there by Insome of their numbers to the turf and sent the others veering and yelling into the old famila new move among the warriors. Four little dots came riding from the timber and pushing dots came riding from the timber and pushing of the compass, hoping to kill or cripple the whole party by sundown. The bullets elip the

is too hard to dig. Old SERG'T WALLER IS PROSTRATE ing back up stream, and that now, if he waited, with a bullet through the thigh. Col. Gaines the wine cellar, be might pursue his original intention of cross- has bound his handkerchief tightly around his ing at the shallows, 10 miles below the mouth | arm. The driver lies flat on his face-dead. of the Enwhide. And so patiently and pluckily | Every now and then the others turn longing he kept his ground-"Big Jim" contentedly eyes southward, hoping for some sign of infilling himself with buffalo grass the while- | fantry coming from the post, so many a long and not until the sun was low in the west did | mile away. They know well that Edwards Fred realize their real intent. Just as the | will have levied on every wagon in Sidney to sconts, for in advance of the main party, reached | bring them; but not a whiff of dust-cloud do the winding banks of the Rawhide, they seemed | they see. One of the soldiers gives a low moan to hold brief consultation; one of them plunged | and clasps his hands to his side, and Cross mut-

But what means this sudden scurry and ex-Great heavens! It meant that the whole citement among the besiegers? Why do they band was coming up the Rawhide, and before | crowd and clamor there at the north? What dark would find and follow his track. Fred's | can they see over that ridge beyond the little first impulse was to mount and, giving Jim the stream? Presently others join them. Then spurs, ride on the wings of the wind back to more and more. Then there are whoops of the north-back to the Niobrara, where he had | rage; a few ill-aimed scattering shots. Three left the troop in bivousc. There at least was or four of the red men ride daringly, tauntsafety, for they could not trail him in the ingly down, as though to resume the attack, dark. But the second thought covered him | and shout yile epithets in vilest English in rewith shame. Go back-go back now! Never, sponse to the shots with which they are greeted, so long as he had a chance of life and hope. and then they, too, go riding away. "Lie Away from here, and instantly, he must speed down, you pliots!" yells Capt. Cross to the two on his mission, and in another moment his soldiers who would spring up to cheer; but a wirth was tightened, and "Big Jim," aston- moment more and even the wounded wave shed, was racing away eastward, but keeping | their feeble hands and join in the triumphant | world a deprecating and rather dejected aspect. the sheltering ridge between him and the shout. The ridge is cleared of every vestige of the foe. The warriors go speeding away east-That night Fred Waller slept fitfelly on the | ward toward the Platte. Far out over the praimen prairie, with "Big Jim" tethered close at | rie to the northeast a troop of blue horsemen sand. Saturday morning found him 10 ufiles are driving in pursuit and, over the neighborto the cast and 10 miles further from the river | ing crest, come half a dozen friendly forms than the point where he watched the Sioux the and faces, spurring their foam-flecked horses

anxiety as he was, the poor boy's heart sank | "Look up, Sergeant. Look up, old man. within him when, as he cantiously peeped over | Here's Fred himself! Didn't I tell you he was the ridge into the valley after an early morn- no deserter?" It is Cross's voice, and it is ing ride, he saw dust clouds near the stream, | Cross's strong arm that lifts the wondering, trembling veteran to his feet. The young fellow has leaped from his horse and is springing Noon was near, when, far as he could see, up toward them. With a wondrous look of relief, or down, the valley was clear; and then, of inexpressible joy, of gratitude beyond all creeping out from his lair, he again mounted | words, of almost Heaven born rapture mingand rode straight for the Platte. Warily he ling with the sunshine in his old face, the Serwatched in every direction, but no intruders | geant stretches forth both his trembling arms

JUST ONE SHOT.

(To be continued.)

ks, G.A.R., Makes a Proposition.

Senator C. F. MANDERSON, Omaha, Neb. Dear Sir and Comrade: I have this day, for the first time, read your letter to Comrade Tanexecute your pension voucher until you have been re-examined by a medical board.

Now, I regret this very much, as I wanted to borrow the money of you. I am intending to a fund of \$100,000,000 to be offered to 100 of and Jim were floating with the current, yet | the young people of this country that it was of our country bade their dear ones go.

Now the offer I propose to make is this (and I have the money all raised but about \$400, which I expected to get from you): \$100,000,000 her light had been all too faint before. But Sunday, just a little after noon, he had come in sight of the world he would be supported by the world have been all too faint before. But and 25 of our own solitical dudes who were wearing "hippins" when you were shot at Lovejoy Station, they to stand at 200 paces and receive one volley from the Nebraska National Guard, Capt. Murdock to fire grape and canister, Culver to charge with his cavalry, but to deliver one cut with saber and one shot from carbine only; the money of those killed to go to their heirs. One shot is all I shall ask. I will not ask them to lie with us in the sleet and snow at Donelson, or go with us up the slippery hill and over the works where one man in every four must fall, or through Shiloh, Corinth. Vicksburg, Stone River, Chickamauga, from Chattanooga to Atlanta. I will not ask them to follow the Armies of the Tennessee, the Cumberland or the Potemac from '61 to '65. I only ask them to stand and receive one shot from less than 2,000 muskets, for which I am horse in the discharge of the duties pertaining to pay \$1,000,000 to each man, his widow or orphan. Now one word to the cops and our dudes. Do not fail me, There is money in it. But there is no flag, no country, no home. But it is your idea of Americanism, of American patriotism, of loyalty, of a true American. So be in line, cops, in front, at 2 p. m., Friday, of

the Encampment. Yours, H. C. RUSSELL. P. S.-Since writing the above I have secured

> An Item to its Credit. [Lawrence Eagle.]

The Australian ballot is already operating to diminish the number of poll taxes paid by politeast and saw far away across the waves of prai- ical parties. Under the old order of things, rie a little puff of dust and a little black dot-a | the man who paid the tax felt reasonably sure rider-coming full tilt in the wake of the how the other would vote, but what is the use to pay a man's tax when he can go out of sight, mark his ballot as he pleases, fold and deposit it, and nobody can tell how he has voted. It All to late! A sudden flashing signal from | would be very unsatisfactory to pay a man's

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BOUNCED 180 TIMES. Beating His Way Across the Continent on a \$1,500 Wager.

[Kansas City Star.] A man arrived in Kansas City this morning on the California express of the Sante Fe Railroad who has traveled on railroads across the seeking to gain the Platte before nightfall; in a great circle around the central point on the | continent without having paid a penny for transportation and without having a pass. A little over three months ago Alfred Senter, of Sommersville, Mass., and L. B. Griffin, of Lowell wagered \$1,500, Senter to win the money

if he succeeded in "beating" his way from Boston to San Francisco and back, and lose the wager if he paid fare while en route. Edward F. Locke, the referee, was to accompany Senter, and his expenses were to be borne by the loser. Senter and Locke arrived in Kansas City this morning. Senter is a hunchback, and appears to be about 30 years of age. Senter said: started out on the evening of July 4 on the Boston & Albany Railroad and got to Albany without being put off. My troubles began on the New York Central Railroad. I was put off three times the first day, and, of course, Locke had to go with me. Owing to my deformity I was not treated harshly. Fifteen times I was put off trains between Albany and Buffalo. Between Buffalo and Chicago, on the Michigan Southern, I concocted a tale of robbery, and on promise to pay at Detroit was not molested. In order to deceive the officials I sent a bogus telegram to Chicago for money. Altogether I have been ousted from trains 180 times. On the southern roads to California I was allowed to ride long distances. At one time I had to plead with an old lady with tears in my eyes not to pay my fare, as that would spoil my chances of winning the bet. I have had several offers to have my fare paid, but Locke's eye was on me and that settled it. I have had a rough experience and would not undertake to do it again for twice the money wagered. It is all right being put off in a large town where there are good hotels, but to be planted down in a small village in New Mexico with no place to go is The conditions of the wager were that Senter

was to travel in first-class passenger coaches all the way. Senter says he will write a book when he reaches home.

STRATEGY WITH HUSBANDS.

Cases in Which it is Necessary to Wheedle The Indian squaw is the slave of her brave. She works for him and serves him even as his horse or his dog work for him, but, unlike the dog or horse, that Indian woman is possessed of one of the strongest human instincts-the love of power. The only voice she can have in the community, her very supremacy in her own wigwam, is through her influence over the

men of her family. This being the case, she must be a very remarkable squaw who does not flatter, wheedle and cajole her husband, and by every possible means secure as strong a hold as possible over him. We all know households to-day where these wigwam tactics are pursued. The master is irascible, overbearing and obstinate. The wife is his equal in most respects, and in some his superior-in self-control and a good temper particularly so. For the peace of the household it is impossible to directly oppose the dicta of the master, who is of a sort that wants to

as the routine of the stable, or the ordering of Now, in the matters pertaining to kitchen and nursery, the wife knows that her husband's ideasare wrong and that her own are right, and by a constant series of small deceptions the tyrant is led to believe that his measures are carried out, whereas, in point of fact, they are quite properly ignored. I do not say the wife is blameless, but I say that the fault lies first with the husband, whose tiresome tyranny forces his wife into subterfuges for the sake of through to the western side. The other three | ters between his set teeth, "Five minutes more | the general good. There is a large class of men who have to be thus cajoled.

cipline of the nursery and the kitchen, as well

ENGAGED PEOPLE. Have You Ever Noticed How Their De.

meanor Changes? Have you ever observed the changed demeanor of girls when they become engaged to be married, even the gentlest and nicest assuming little airs of superiority? To this not invariably faithful picture may be added a companion sketch of the engaged man, who, far from displaying the pride and joy with which his good fortune should inspire him, frequently keeps those sentiments concealed in the innermost recesses of his heart, presenting to the Is he humbly conscions of his own unworthiness? And mutely pleading for forbearance from those who might be inclined to say: "How could a pretty girl accept that man? "-

"I LOVE YOU."

Mrs. Custer on the Importance of Those Words. "If I were a man," writes Elizabeth Bacon

Custer, widow of the heroic General, "there is one thing I should especially look to. "I would tell my wife something every day, not only by look or act, but in plain Saxon, that would convey to her a daily remembrance

of the love that was hers. "There are just three little words that only take a fraction of a minute to say, can be said while a man is in the wildest sort of a hurry, which will brighten the wife's whole day. No deaf man is quicker to discover what words the lips frame than a woman who sees 'I love you' proclaimed from her husband's mouth in sound-

less words." Mixed Family Relations.

Jeffersonville (Ind.) Special: There lives in Union Township in this County a family that can boast of the most coriously complicated relationship. Some years ago a widower by the name of Morgan, who had a grown son, married a widow who had a grown daughter. After a while he and his wife secured a divorce. from the saddle and, keeping tight hold of the make an offer at the Beatrice Eucampment of His son then fell in love with his father's dipommel and steadying his carbine with the the Nebraska National Guards. I am raising | vorced wife and married her. The father got married to the daughter of the woman from our soldier-hating citizens who say and teach | whom he had been divorced. Each couple has children, and the two families are terribly for money men left their homes and all that | mixed as to their relationship. The old man is | tion!" was dear and followed their country's flag for his own father-in-law, the brother-in-law of four long years; that for money we struck to his own son, and the stepfather of his wife, the earth the traitor, and from Sumter's dust | while the son is father-in-law of his father, his lifted on high the old flag at Appenattox; that | own stepson, stepfather of his stepmother, and for money 400,000 of our comrades gave up so on. The relationship of the children, who their lives; that for money the loyal women | are the issues of the last marriages, is too complicated for anyone to puzzle his head over.

An Old War Horse,

There is living at Hamburg, N. J., near the is of blue blood, his sire being Rysdyk's Hambietonian and his dam a Harry Clay mare. When the late Col. Samuel Fowler, who was

the founder of Port Jervis, entered the field in the war of the rebellion in 1862 at the head of the 15th N. J., some of his friends presented him with the borse, which, under the name of Restless, was already celebrated for style and speed, as a war charger. Col. Fowler rode the charger through the

battles of two hard-fought campaigns and until he was stricken with the disease which withdrew him from the service and shortly afterward ended his life. When Col. Fowler left the field Restless passed into the hands of the Chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. A. A. Haines, who rode the

to his office until the close of the war. Altogether Restless participated in over 30 battles and skirmishes, including the engagements at Petersburg, Fredericksburg, Winchester, the Wilderness and Gettysburg, and he carries the scar of a wound received in the last-named battle. Since the war ended Chaplain Haines has kept the veteran charger on his farm at Hamburg, and five years ago he retired the old horse honorably from all work. At 33 years old Restless is in comparatively good condition and promises to live some time

China's Hostility.

[North China Herald.] The talk heard so often nowadays about China's growing friendliness to the outer barbarians is founded on error. The Chinese hate them as bitterly to-day as they did 30 years or more ago. The lives and limbs of foreigners in Canton are said to be much less safe than formerly, insomuch that if they choose to visit the beheading takes place, or any of the other famous sights in the wonderful city, the risk

A New York waiter says his work reminds him of a very large eagle. It is so long from tip to tip .- Youkers Statesman.

HUMOR.

LIME KILN CLUB.

Some Good Advice from Brother Gardner.

[Detroit Free Press.] The members who arrived previous to the opening of the meeting and had time to look around were agreeably surprised at some of the changes made by the janitor. The 11 broken panes of glass had been neatly replaced by squares cut from coffee sacks and tacked on, the stove shone like a mirror, and of the cobwebs along the ceiling not over a dozen remained in sight. The floor had been scrubbed, Brother Gardner's desk painted a mild and gentle yellow, and the four long benches had received | down to a point nearly opposite to the Peach sky-blue tint which rendered them positively charming against the background of the wall. Many were the compliments he received for his industry and taste, and he has only to pursue his onward and upward career to secure pro-

"Ar' Jedge Barracoon in de hall dis eavenin'?" inquired Brother Gardner, as he opened the meeting. The Judge arose. rumored dat you ar' gwine to leave us fur a

few months. "Yes, sah. I has struck a job in a barber

"It rejoices me to know dat you ar' workin' your way to de top, an' I assure you dat you heard except the clank of harness, the sharp will be missed from our meetin's. While you | tones of orders here and there and the stamp of heven't had much to say, you hev allus bin on the impatient horses' hoofs as Orderlies and de right side, an' dat's a good offset. I wan't staff officers flew up and down the line. I no-to give you a few words of fatherly advice befo' you go. You ar' gwine among strangers, the honey-bees working. That sound took me infantry had got on the ground, and the sounds an' you will be sized up fur what you ar' wuth. | back to the little garden behind our old farm as if you owned half do real estate in Buffalo. De folks will know you doan', an' dey will look upon you wid' contempt. You needn't go down in the shade of the pear trees and read a walkin' in de alleys, nor wid your head down, | book to the music of the humming bees! But |

Detroit cull'd man who gits away from home to shoot off his mouf in grand style, an' seek | braced up, shoved the thumbstail further up on de pos' office an' owns a quarter interest in a at the enemy over across. race hors, but dey doan' deceive anybody. Sich talk is all squash,

odder people's property ar' bound to land in were so much cut up." State prison, an' de chap who can't hang to de "WE HAVE SUFFERED SOME, SIR," troof through thick an' thin am surtin to lie hisself out of a good job once a month. know best about all domestic matters, the dis-

"Wid desc few remarks, which ar' meant in all kindness of heart, on behalf of dis club I wish you obery happiness and prosperity in your new surroundin's. I shall instruct de Secretary to write an official letter to de Mayor of Buffalo, givin' de date of your arrival dere, an' if you ar' met at de depot wid a brass band, escorted to your barber shop in de best of style an' den given de freedom of de city, seek to presarve a level head an' remember what I hev said to you to-night."

> Encounter it Everywhere. [Chicago Herald.]

A salesman tells this story on a middle-aged Hebrew friend, who visited Chicago last week to buy some goods. He ran across one of the omnipresent slot machines, which bore this legend: "Drop a dime in the slot and get a box he put a nickel in the slot. Of course it did not work. Then he dropped in another nickel, supposing, of course, that as two nickels make a dime, he would get the chocolate. Again the machine refused to work. The Hebrew gazed at it a moment and then turned away in dere is always prejudice."

The Bight Sentiment.

Dr. Guzman, of Nicaragua, at the close of his short but admirable speech at the Iroquois banquet recently, offered a sentiment that invoked a quick and enthusiastic response from the company. It was this: "May the day speedily arrive when the Stars and Stripes, floating from the masts of American merchant vessels, will

[Life.]

The Janitor's Share. home I wish you wouldn't always put the big ones on top.

Grocer-I-er-I-Mrs. Brown-Oh, I don't blame you in the least. I just spoke of it because the janitor of our flat always scrapes off the top of the basket | the battle of the third day, and the great duel | for his own use before he sends up the elevator. | between the concentrated artillery of Meade's

Subject of Woman. [Kearney Enterprise.] Teacher-Parse the word "man" in that sentence, Tommy. Tommy-Man is a common noun, masculine

gender, and subject of-Teacher-Subject of what, Tommy? Tommy-Subject of woman, And the teacher smiled to herself and didn't correct him.

> Times Haro Changed. [Chicago Mail.]

Old River Captain (shaking his head dejectedly and shifting his quid to the other cheek)-Steamboatin' ain't what it used to be. If that biler explosion on the Mississip' the other day had happened 25 years ago it would have killed mor'n 200 people, at the least calkila-

> Style's Magic Syllable. [Puck.]

Franklin Squeer (at the tailor's door)-How are you? Been selecting an overcoat? Waverly Plaice (languidly) - Ovahcoat? Haw-no! I've been looking at some ovahcoatings, ye know-nevah weah weady-made clothes!

The Teacher Broke 'Em.

[Time.] Mother—Did you break any of the rules to-lay, Tommy? the practice; comparing and criticising the performance of the respective rebel batteries, day, Tommy? Tommy (first day at school)-No'm; I was a good boy. Teacher broke two, though; one on little Harry Fletcher and another on me.

Which ! [Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.] Invalid Chicago Lady to her lawyer and administrator)-And, now, remember when I die I wish to be laid by the side of my husband. Lawyer-Yes'm, Which one?

> Curious Optical Illusion. [New York Sun.]

Officer (2 a. m.) -I say, there, young feller, you'd better move on-Grafton-Whazzer use? If th' street keepsh rushin' by thish way, I'll be up 'n Harlem in no time!

A Soothing Reply. [Wasp.] "You are always talking about a donkey. You don't mean me?" "What ails you? There are many donkeys

From Everywhere. Smith-The City of Paris, I hear, consumes more coal than any other ship. Jones-That's a mistake. Smith-What ship beats it, then?

besides you."

Jones-Courtship-Munsey's Weekly. First Burgler (keeping watch at back window)-Wot's the matter, Bill? Wot scared you back so quick? Any o' the fam'ly awake? Second Buglar (with extreme disgust)-Naw! Somebody's been yere ahead of us-that's all. Fust thing I found waz a receipted bill fur new school books fur six children. Pick up them unattended the temples, the pottersfield where | tools and let's git away. No use wastin' any more time here. - Chicago Tribune.

> goes up to a railroad station and says: "Gimme a tiged to Springfield?" "Which Springfield?" asks the ticket seller; "Illinois or Massachusetts?" "I don't gare. Whichever's the cheapest."

> One of Dixey's stories is that of a Jew, who

STORY OF A CANNONEER. (Continued from 1st page.)

making for the main line of the enemy on Seminary Ridge. While this had been going Improvements in the Hall-Judge Barracoon Gets | the east had come to our ears. This the old fellows said was probably the rebel cavalry trying to get in on our rear to capture our ammunition and other trains, and Pleasonton was repelling them. In this case, as it afterward turned out, the veterans were correct. But by noon everything on our extreme right

was quiet, and we began to look anxiously to Seminary Ridge again to see what THE MASSING OF ARTILLERY AND INFANTRY there would bring forth. We could see over across the valley a line of rebel guns reaching from near the Seminary on the north clear

Orchard on the south, lining that ridge for over a mile in length with what was almost one unbroken battery, over 100 guns strong! venture to say that no man now living in this country will ever see another artillery line like it-at least not on our own soil. Looking to the southward along Cemetery Ridge on our own side, so far as we could see, what appeared to be the whole artillery of the Army of the Potomac was in similar formation, "Please step dis way, Jedge. I hev heard it | though we could not see it all from our position.

It was now past noon, very hot, and the air, surcharged with the smoke and vapor of two shop in Buffalo. Dar' is gwine to be two of days of battle, held a sort of murky haze which us-myself an' de brush-boy. I'ze gwine to be | was almost sedative in its effect on the senses. What little breeze there was blew from the south, but it was not much. No sounds were "In de fust place, doan' go sloshin' around | homestead away up North, where the beehives often gone in the hot Summer days past to lie but strike a medium. Act nateral-about as a as this thought grew in my mind I recollected cull'd man orter who is airning from \$6.50 to that I was a soldier now, facing the enemy, a incompatible with my dignity. Therefore I

Returning to the events of the day, we were, "Be courteous and obligin' to all. You | During this time Gen. Hunt came along our | Col. F. C. Miller; 14th Brooklyn, Brevet Brig. needn't take off yer hat to a ragman, nor git | line, inspecting the guns and inquiring of the | Gen. E. B. Fowler, and the 95th N. Y., under down an' ax a butcher cart to please run ober officers about their ammunition, etc. When he Maj. Edward Pye. The 76th N. Y., 56th Pa., you, but say 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir,' to ebery- came to us and saw that we had but four guns and 147th N. Y. formed on the right of the body. Keep a smile on yer face, an' eber bear and had lost three caissons, with hardly half railroad cut, facing west in the order indicated, in mind dat friendship ar' do next thing to enough horses even for what we had left, and and the action was begun by the 56th Pa., folash.
"Be temperate, honest and trooful. No man that our force present for duty was less than 50 lowed impattly by the rest of the command.
The Second Brigade was very proud of Stewwho is fool 'nuf to pour somethin' into his I had known that you were in this condition art's battery, and supported it in action as often stomach to steal his sense can expect to git to I would have relieved you this morning with a as any other troops. So entertaining an article de top. A man who can't keep his fingers off'n | battery from the Reserve. I had no idea you | as the "Story of a Cannoneer" decerves to !

replied Orderly-Serg't Mitchell, who was for the moment in command; "but we do not want to be put out of action!" Whereat we all cheered. The General smiled, nodded his head, and rode off.

He had not been gone a great while when a puff of white smoke came from a gun about the center of the rebel line, and then, almost efore the sound of the report had time to reach us, they opened fire on their extreme right, about opposite the Peach Orchard. This opening fire ran swiftly along their line, gun after gun and battery after battery taking it up in succession. It reminded me of the " powder snakes" we boys used to touch off on the 4th of July, where you lay a long, sinnous train of us, but as the shells all fell short or exploded | Mankato, Minn. in the air before they reached us, these guns soon ceased. We did not reply to them. I norifled pieces-Parrotts or the 3-inch ordnance. Mrs. Brown-When you send the vegetables If ours had been rifled guns we could have then as much as f do now. But in the light of these times it is a great thing to have witnessed

and Lee's armies! Our shells did not appear to blow up as many of the enemy's caissons as his did of ours. This was because his caissons were mostly under cover of the woods in the rear of his guns or were out of sight behind the crest; while ours were in the open fields east of the Taneytown read, in plain sight and with no cover of any kind. I think that, if casualties to men, horses and material are to be the test of the effectiveness of artillery practice, we must all confess that

THE REBELS HAD MUCH THE BEST OF THAT WONDERFUL CANNON DUEL. Our battery formed a pretty picture while this embody recognizable portraits of the men, if about that, was there, Jedge? one were possible, could entice a good many "No, that was no doubt necessary." shekels from my pocket at this time. The neck of his horse and a field-glass in the other hand, sweeping the scene from end to end. He made me think of an expert watching a competitive drill, of which he might be one of the judges. The men stood at ease at their guns, some leaning against the wheels, others standing up on the "cheeks" or axles, all eyes bent on the stupendous drama before them, the like of which no one ever saw before, and in | about that, was there?" all probability no one will ever see again; commenting to one another on the incidents of and all the time regretting that the range was too great for our own little brass twelves.

would say. "All this is to hammer our folks down | could drink when we said 'good-by'; but you to the left and pave the way for their infantry. | see during the night the rain came up an' I There's going to be a h-l of a charge pretty | 'spose the rope got purty wet and shrunk a soon, along the whole line, and then we'll come | couple o' feet. That's how the sad accident in for our share. Keep your shirts on, boys!" | happened, Jedge."

The thing that I regretted most was that, owing to the convex curve of Cemetery Ridge, and our position being a little too far to the right, I could not see the guns of our own batteries that were in action, except those immediately to our left, in the road below the Cemetery Gate. But excepting now and then a on faint sounds of still another fight further to stray shell that struck below the road, or more rarely went over the road and burst among the tombstones, the rebels paid but little attention to the right of our line; although these two rifle-batteries that I now speak of must have been doing effective work against the rebel left. All this lasted about an hour and a half, during which I should think the rebels must have fired 45 or 50 rounds per gun and our folks perhaps more. I know that the men in the batteries to our immediate left told me that night that they had used up all their shell and

> some shrapnel. By 3 o'clock the fire on both sides slackened visibly. This was because the guns were getting hot and the Cannoncers tired and hot too; for the afternoon was sultry. About half past three our guns ceased firing altogether along the whole line.

> While this grand artillery duel had been going on to our left, a slow desultory exchange of shots had occurred on the right between some rebel guns posted in the fields northeast of Gettysburg village and the batteries that were in line with the Eleventh Corps. But this had been at very long range, and was unimportant when compared with the grand chorus from Seminary Ridge.

[To be continued.]

Correcting the Cannoneer.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the third chapter of the "Story of a Cannoneer," published in your issue of Oct. 24, the author says: "It was probably 8 o'clock when Cutler's Brigade had passed, and then we got the order of battle were increasing rapidly; Wadsworth's Division, of which the Iron Brigade formed stood in rows on long planks, and where I had the head of column, had encountered the 'dough-boys' of Lee's advance."

This statement contains an error, slight, indeed, but still an error. On the march from Emmitsburg to Marsh Creek, June 30, the First (or Iron) Brigade led the Division. On \$8 a week an' expects a long, cold Winter. veteran to all intents and purposes, and that July 1 the Second Brigade, under Cutler, led "Doan' do any braggin'. It's usual wid a all such maudlin sentiment as that was wholly the advance; so if Stewart's battery "followed Cutler closely," it was in advance of the Iron Brigade. The first infantry regiment of the to convey to ebery one dat he rents a box in | my thumb, brought my eyes front and scowled | Army of the Potomac to enter the State was the 76th N. Y., under Maj. Grover, followed in order by the 56th Pa., commanded by Brevet as I said, waiting for the enemy to lead off. Brig.-Gen. J. W. Hofmann; 147th N. Y., Lieut.-

historically correct; to contribute to that end Pa., Grand Pass, Mo. [Comrade Graham is correct. The author

himself, however, had noticed the error, and had suggested a correction, namely, that he should have said "the battery, together with Stevens's and Cooper's batteries, marched with Doubleday's Division, then under Rowley. Also, that Cutler's Brigade filed out from Marsh Creek ahead of the Iron Brigade, though there was but little difference in time of their getting heavily engaged."-EDITOR NATIONAL TRIB-

A Mild Protest. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Seeing in the "Story of a Cannoneer," in the first number. powder on the ground or sidewalk and ignite | that he says that "the Regular artillery was it at one end. But it was on a thousand times | the best in the service," I beg to say that I do grander scale, and though within one day of not know anything about the Eastern Army the 4th, it was not being done for fun. The of the Potomac, but in the Western army explosion of their shells showed us instantly I think we had volunteer batteries as good as of chocolate." The Hebrew thought at first that they were concentrating their fire on our the Regulars. I refer now to Lieut. Breckincenter, some distance from us, so none of their ridge's Regular battery. They were a good projectiles came our way. Besides, we were so lot of boys, but on the morning of the 22d of far around to our own right that the range was | July, 1864, in front of Atlanta, they were a littoo long for our light twelves, except as to the | the too saving of their "canned fruit," as we enemy's guns nearest the Seminary, and that | used to call the canister when we were drawitself was very long range. With solid shot the | ing a lot of it from the ammunition train. maximum range of a light 12-pounder, at five | Aud, by being a little too economical and not disgust. "No madder vere you go," he said, or six degrees elevation, is about 1,700 yards— dishing it up to the hungry rebels lively or a mile in round terms; whereas the nearest | enough, the Regular boys got taken in out of of the enemy's guas was more than a mile from | the wet! I wonder why some of the Western us. So we stood to our posts for the time being | boys don't open out and make a little noise and watched the performance. Meantime eight | with their guns and tell us how the rebel sharpguns that they had posted on the elevation shooters used to cut the boys' hair and shave off north of the town, commanding the Carlisle | the Corporal's mustache while he was sighting and Mummasburg roads, fired a few rounds at | the piece .- Peter Birk, 15th Ohio battery,

[We hasten to assure our esteemed friend and comrade of the 15th Ohio that the statement ticed that the enemy served his guns very that "the Regular batteries were the best argreet the traveler's eye in every port in every slowly, and also, judging from the frequent ex- tillery the army had" reference only to the plosions of the caissons of our batteries to the early part of the war, before the volunteer batleft of us, with great precision. Then, for the teries had become veterans. But as soon as the first time, I envied the batteries that had the volunteers—as for example the 15th Ohio—had got some practice the rebels could not tell for the life of them whether it was a Regular or "joined in." However, our lack of employ- volunteer battery in front of them. All they ment afforded us all the better opportunity to | could tell was that it was a Union battery, and, witness the scene. I did not appreciate this as a rule, that was all they cared to find out. We heartily join our comrade of the 15th Ohio (Birk) in the hope that the "Western boys will make a little noise with their guns .- EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Norg.-What our comrade calls " Breckinridge's battery" was better known as "Murray's." It was captured in Hardee's attack on the date stated by Comrade Birk.

A Sad Accident. [New York Weekly.]

Western Judge-You are charged, sir, with being the leader of a party which hunted down and lynched a horse thief. The days have gone by when citizens of this great Commonwealth can thus take the law into their own hands, hence your arrest. What have you to say?" Prominent Citizen-I ain't guilty, Jedge. I'll tell you how it was. We caught the feller, was going on. An oil painting of it that would | and tied his hands and feet. Nothing wrong " No, that was no doubt necessary."

"Wall, Jedge, there was a storm comin' up Licutenant stood on foot most of the time near | and we couldn't spare him an umbrella very the right gun, with one arm thrown over the | well, so we stood him under a tree. That was all right, wasn't it?" "Certainly."

"Wall, the clouds kept gatherin' an' the wind was purty high, and we didn't want him blown away, so we tied a rope around his neck and fastened the other end to the limb above-not tight, Jedge, jest so as to hold him-and we left him standin' solid on his feet. Nothin' wrong "Nothing at all."

"Then I kin be excused, can't I?" "But the man was found suspended from that tree, and stone dead the next morning." "None of us had anything to do with that, Jedge. You see we left him standin' there in "Oh, well, boys, be patient," the old Orderly | good health and spirits, for we give him all he

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and | "I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and retherefore it cannot be cured by local applications. | ceived great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's | was very disagreeable, causing constant discharge Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes in the back of my head. The effect to clear my the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thou- head in the morning by hawking and spitting was sands of people testify to the success of Hood's | painful, Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief im-Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other | mediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also think Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in builds up the whole system, and makes you feel | gold." Mrs. G. B. Girs, 1029 Eighth Street, N. W.,

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